

Fair beheld, without jealousy, the gift which had been bestowed on her sister, pleased to think that she should be a queen.

All of a sudden she heard the noise of the feet of horses, and coming to the door to look out, a king saw her, and fell so violently in love with her, that he immediately married her. Fair, being now a queen, said to her sister Blooming, you shall no longer be a farmer; come along with me, and I will marry you to a great lord.

I am very much obliged to you, sister, answered Blooming, but I am used to a country life, and am unwilling to change it for any other. Well, queen Fair departed, and was so well satisfied with her new way of life, that for several nights she could not sleep for joy.

For a few months she was so taken up with grandeur, balls, and plays, that she thought of nothing else; but, after a short time, a continual round of diversions began to pall, and vexation took its place. All

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the ladies of the court paid her a great deal of respect before her face; but in her absence they said, Bless me, that such a poor awkward country wench should be made a queen! the king has exceeding low notions to marry such a woman as she. This conversation came to the king's ear. He thought he had done a foolish thing to marry Fair; and as the violence of his love was very much abated, he soon began to treat her with contempt.

Poor Fair was ready to die with vexation; and she grew so pale and thin, that every body pitied her. She had not seen her sister for three years, during which she had been a queen, because she thought it would be a great dishonour for a person of her distinction to visit a poor farmer; but finding herself overwhelmed with melancholy, she resolved to go, and spend a few days in the country to divert herself. She asked the king's permission, who readily granted it, because he thought he should by that means rid himself of her company for some time.

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